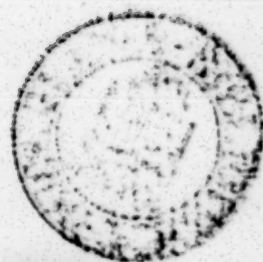


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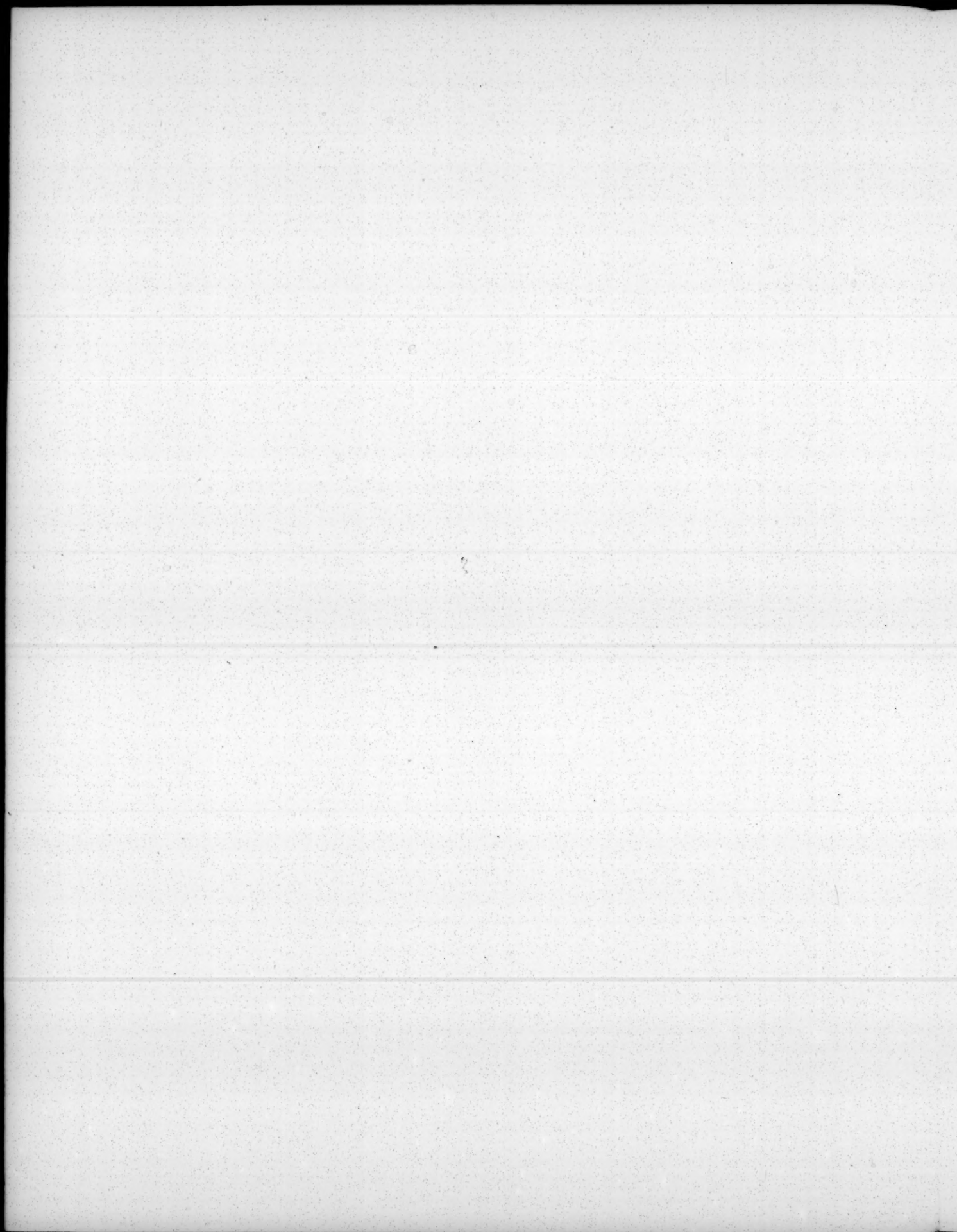


— Memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.
Ex illo, Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Virg.

MDCC LXXXI.

*Gough Adds Gloucestershire
4. 35. 13.*



T H E
C O N T E S T.

I.

“ **T** W A S *Death!* I mark'd him as he
past,
“ With gory spurs of speed,

“ Impetuous urge the howling blast,

“ And thirsting for the deed.

“ Nor Honour's helm, nor twisted mail

“ To save thee, '*Chester!* can avail ;

“ Virtue

" Virtue and all her starry train
 " Around thee kneel and weep in vain ;
 " In vain thy Friends ; in vain thy tender Wife
 " With oily succours feeds the lamp of life ;
 " In vain thy Country deprecates thy doom :
 " *Chester* ! thy head lies low,—it sinks into the
 tomb."

II.

Such were the solemn sounds of woe
Fame utter'd, as sublime she stood
 Where *Rodb'row's* cloud-encircled brow
 With scorn surveys the nether flood.
Faction heard the doleful knell
 (*Faction* eldest child of hell)

And

And rolling fierce her haggard eyes,
 Swell'd at once to wondrous fize.
 Her talons, fat with human gore,
 A baleful torch triumphant bore,
 That comet-like, with hideous glare,
 Redundant stream'd along the lurid air.

III.

“ Arms ! Arms ! ” the *Fury* cries ;
 And strait her grieved band,
 In *yellow* pomp arise,
 Dread scourges of their native land.
 The *Fiend*, as far above the rest
 Young *B*—— rear'd his haughty crest,
 Sprung forward with maternal joy,
 And fondly kiss'd her *long-lost* boy :

Clofe

Cloſe her darling Son ſhe preſs'd
 Infuriate to her viperine breaſt,
 Till her keen venom poiſon'd every part,
 And all her ſavage foul was rankling in his heart.

IV.

“ Noble Captain, ſee ! thy crew
 “ Exulting at thy bleſt return,
 “ Ever dauntleſs, ever true,
 “ Around thy banners furious burn !
 “ Soon the *Sons of Blue* ſhall yield,
 “ Soon ſhall quit the foughten field ;
 “ And *D——*, tho’ a valiant foe,
 “ Soon thy arm ſhall lay him low.
 “ —Hark ! *Sabrina’s* rocky ſhore
 “ Rebellowſ to the wild uproar :

“ The

“ The storm begins ; the task will soon be done ;

“ And *Vict'ry* crown with bays the temples of my
Son.”

V.

The *Monster* spoke ; and waving high
Her flambeau, thunder'd such a yell,
As struck the concave of the sky
And deeply pierc'd the heart of hell ;
For *B——* now had led along
His loud, tempestuous, hot-mouth'd throng,
That clust'ring thick at his command,
Like *locusts* darken'd all the land.
Pale *Spectres* shriek ; with boding notes,
The *Owl* and *Raven* strain their throats ;

The

The *Rear-mouse* flits on leather wing,
 And all the *Shames* of nature sing :
 Ev'n *B-rr-w* smiles a ghastly grin,
 And *Ore* grows blacker at the din ;
Night premature extends her ebon sway,
 Obscures the *Blue* serene, and shuts the eye of day.

VI.

But Oh ! what glories strike my gaze !
 —The low'ring clouds disparted fly !
 Incessant streams of light emblaze
 The forehead of the *Orient* sky !
 And, lo ! a *Form* divinely gay
 Arises like the God of Day :

'Tis

'Tis *D——* ! Britain's hope and pride,
 Great * *Odard*'s faulchion by his side !
 Hail ! mighty Chief, by Heav'n design'd
 To banish woe from humankind ;
 Whose tongue a stream of wisdom flows,
 Whose heart with goodness ever glows,
 Whose arm is thirsting to subdue
Lernean Faction's fiery crew :
 —And See ! thy dread approach they fly,
 Nor dare the lightning of thine eye ;
 Headlong from wild *Ambition*'s awful height,
 Deep in the yawning gulph, they sink to endless
 night.

Behold

* *Vid.* Rudder's History of Gloucestershire, p. 649.

VII.

Behold the laurel'd *Knight* sublime
 On *Vict'ry's* throne!—Ye *Bards* of fire,
 Symphonious chant the lofty rhyme,
 And loudly sweep the vocal lyre.
 Louder still and louder raise
 Jubilant the notes of praise;
 For never will your ravish'd eyes
 Survey a Chief so good and wise;
 So void of pride, so free from strife,
 So form'd for private and for public life;
 So pleas'd to guard the glories of the *Crown*,
 And for his *Country's* peace to sacrifice his own.

VIII.

Lo! the *Virtues* all advance,
 The *Graces* three, the *Muses* nine;

Frisking

Frisking light they form the dance,

Attemper'd to the notes divine.

The sportive *Loves* and laughing *Hours*

Profusely scatter new-born flowers ;

Earth assumes a gayer vest,

And *Heaven* with purer *Blue* is blest.

Bright *Rapture* smiling bids the balmy gale,

On gladsome pinion, bear the pleasing tale,

That *Echo* thro' each valley may prolong

This glorious burthen of the choral Song :

“ While *Ether's* vault retains its *azure bue*,

“ So long shall *B*——— yield to *D*——— and *True*
Blue.”

Tetbury, Jan. 24, 1781.

